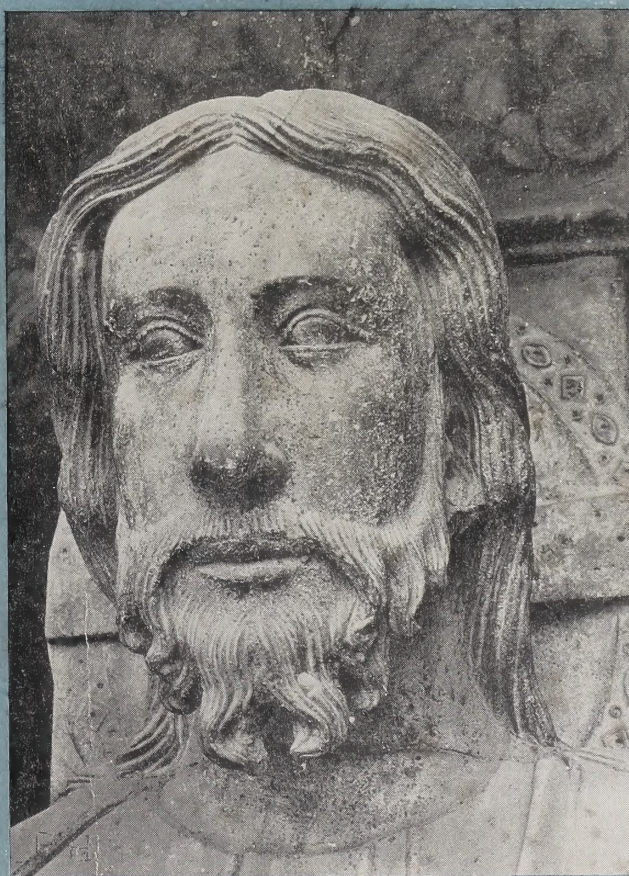


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THE ARTS

VOL. III, No. 4

APRIL, 1923



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To Artists

THE ARTS has just received from its European representative one hundred photographs of masterpieces of European art. These were selected for THE ARTS by a distinguished artist who was directed by THE ARTS to obtain the finest possible photographs of those particular masterpieces which directly interest the creative artist of today. Five of these photographs of details of *The Burial of Count Orgaz* are reproduced in this issue. Five more of another masterpiece will be reproduced in the May issue of THE ARTS.

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Concerning Our Contributors

Arthur Davison Ficke

One of the aims of THE ARTS is to discuss important events with the importance which they merit, and since the exhibition of Chinese paintings that Mr. Bosch-Reitz has assembled at the Metropolitan Museum, to remain there through April 22nd, is one of the most thrilling exhibitions of Chinese art ever brought together in this country, THE ARTS has given consideration of the event first place in its April issue. In securing the services of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke to this end THE ARTS offers to its readers an essay on Chinese art that is the work of an American poet whose chief avocation has been the study of Oriental art. Mr. Ficke has travelled widely in China, is himself a celebrated collector, and brings to the study and understanding of the art of the Chinese painter, who was so often also a poet, the eyes and imagination of a contemporary poet fascinated by the particular, as well as the universal charm of the paintings of ancient China.

Guy Pene du Bois

As writer, painter, teacher, Mr. Guy Pène du Bois ranks in American art as a distinctively individual force. Of French parentage, his pen, when turned to words or line, discloses the fact. He belongs to no academies, either conservative or radical, and his art is not the outcome of a nicely wrapped-up package of theories. Rather is it the outcome of a witty, slightly sardonic and penetrating view of life. The antithesis of the trained library-expert who makes his deductions from the "authorities" and sees art through dusty windows, if he sees it ever, du Bois develops his ideas at first hand. His insight into the art of Forain, whom he discusses in this issue, is the insight of one artist who writes sympathetically about another artist, and who writes with the experience of long critical training.

Dane Rudhyar

Like Mr. du Bois, Mr. Rudhyar is a creative artist as well as a critic. One of the younger modern composers, he is also musical critic of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and is as sympathetic toward and understanding of the musical theories which the newer composers are attempting to solve as any

writer on music of the day. He is one of the composers whose works were played at the International Composers' Guild concerts which, in addition to the new music that was given a hearing for the first time, brought forth a number of strange critical confessions. However, not all of the confessions were conscious. To the efforts of the International Composers' Guild Mr. Rudhyar gave a thoughtful hearing. His theory concerning the *raison d'être* of certain changes in musical theories is put concisely in his discussion of Schonberg which we print in this issue of THE ARTS.

Helen Appleton Read

Helen Appleton Read succeeded our late editor, Hamilton Easter Field, as art critic of *The Brooklyn Eagle*. Mrs. Read began her artistic career as a painter, but has since devoted herself almost exclusively to criticism. When in Germany some months ago she became interested in the significance of the dolls which a few German and Austrian artists have created, not in the spirit of the pre-war doll of tradition, but as works of art. Mrs. Read has written of the dolls that have grown up and the conditions that inspired their making with astute appreciation.

Alan Burroughs

Readers of THE ARTS know who Alan Burroughs is. He contributes Young America this month, and in doing so has discovered a youthful American artist of wholly exceptional talent. The critic cannot do a better piece of work than to promote both courageously and intelligently the talent of the gifted young.

Alexander Brook

Mr. Brook's grasp of what the creative artists are doing today is again manifest in his account of the current exhibitions.

Ananda Coomaraswamy

In connection with Dr. Coomaraswamy's clear review of Dr. R. Meyer Riefstahl's luxurious volume called the Parrish-Watson Collection of Mohammedan Potteries we reproduce several rare collectors' pieces.

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The cover reproduction this month is a Thirteenth Century French Gothic Head of the Christ on the south portal of Chartres Cathedral

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THE ARTS FOR MAY

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, by CHARLES SHEELER. Mr. Sheeler will discuss the art of Stieglitz with the sympathy of a friend and with the knowledge of a skilled photographer of the first order.

The Sculpture of GASTON LACHAISE, by ALBERT E. GALLATIN, with ten illustrations.

The background of the entire advertisement is a detailed, repeating pattern of a rug. It features floral motifs, including roses and tulips, intertwined with scrolling vines and leaves. The pattern is dense and covers the entire surface, framed by a decorative border at the top and bottom.

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THE ARTS

VOLUME III

APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 4

A CERTAIN American sculptor received the information that, under given conditions, he would be offered the privilege of adding to his signature two charmed and mysterious initials, which are expected to signify to the world that the aforesaid sculptor really is, as an artist, a little bit of all right. To discuss the conditions, the following informal and discreet conversation took place:

Representative of initial-dispensing organization with a hint of paternal sadness:

It's awfully nice of you to come up. Sit down. Have a cigar. I've got a wonderful piece of news for you, but before I tell you that, I want to have a little friendly heart-to-heart. You know I'm a good deal older man than you, and much more experienced in this art game, so you mustn't mind if I talk pretty frankly to you.

Sculptor nods a watchful assent.

Representative (more paternal than ever): I've seen a great many art fashions come and go in my day. Fashion is, of course, the great danger to which the young artist is submitted. It takes a very solid young man to resist all this yelling and screaming about modern art. But I've been through it all before, and I know what it amounts to. The young spirit needs an old head for guidance. You'll admit that I've got the old head (*Representative laughs merrily. Sculptor smiles a sickly smile.*) and you've got the young spirit. You mustn't think I'm old fashioned, because I am not! I love modern art, Monet and Degas; why I was one of the first to acclaim those men, but this cock-eyed stuff's another story, and, my boy, I don't want to see you succumb. I think too much of you as an artist. I have the career of every talented young artist in America at heart. That's my real work. I'm one hundred per cent American, and I can't bear to see a gifted young man like you, brought up in the splendid tradition of St. Gaudens and Daniel Chester French and Herbert Adams, acting as if you were a Swede or a German or one of those dissipated young wild men in Paris. Now I want you, as a son to father, if you know what I mean, to promise me that your sculpture will not become any more modernistic. Your sculpture's been getting rather modernistic, don't you think so?

Sculptor (with great dignity): I don't understand you.

Representative (soothingly): Now, don't get angry. We're all great admirers of your work. All the boys like it, but you understand our position. We stand for the truthful traditions of art and if you are going to get any more modernistic . . .

Sculptor rises, fire in his eyes.

Representative (rises): My boy be sensible. You don't really believe in all these silly absurdities. You're too intelligent a man to be led away by the fashion of a moment. I tell you the days of the wild men are numbered.

Sculptor (bursting): Do you propose to tell me how to do my own sculpture?

Representative: Why of course not. The work you've been doing is splendid. But, are you going any further? That's all I want to know.

Sculptor: I'm going a great deal further. I haven't begun yet.

Representative, overcome with sadness, is unable to speak and the two part forthwith.
The sculptor still signs his name without initials.

FORBES WATSON.



THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (Detail)
Church of Santo Tomé, Toledo

EL GRECO

EL GRECO, 1547-1614

The five reproductions that accompany this note are details of the famous Burial of Count Orgaz, by El Greco, which hangs in the church of Santo Tomé in Toledo. Ever since the rediscovery of this immortal painter's genius Toledo has been a place toward which the imagination and the footsteps of contemporary artists turn. And with the thrill of the astoundingly imposing city still in one's eyes, as the slow-moving hotel bus drags one along the dusty road from the station to the great bridge that crosses the yellow stream at the base of the city's cliffs, the artist's first adventure in Toledo is most likely to be a walk to the church of Santo Tomé, and there, through the bars of an iron grill, he sees on the chapel wall the amazing canvas which now ranks among the greatest achievements of the art of all times and all races.

He forgets that this is the work of a man born on the island of Crete, and feels rather that he is in the very heart of the fiery faith of ancient Catholic Spain.

Yet this is the work of a Greek, born to the traditions of the early Byzantine mosaics, a Greek who studied in Venice and, in his early work, though he was supposed to have studied with Titian, showed a clear affinity with the turbulent spirit of Tintoretto. This painter who passed a royal, extravagant, luxurious and colorful life in Toledo (that was where the major portion of his life as an artist was spent) who was born in Crete and studied in Venice, became so much a Spanish painter that in his work we are in touch with the deepest elements of the Spanish race.

Even today it is not hard to find academic artists who are almost as disturbed and rebellious about the art of El Greco as they would be about a young modern. This power to disturb and create discussion across the centuries signifies a strangely living quality in the art of El Greco. He still inspires rapturous admiration and, in spite of universal fame, acrimonious dislike.



THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (Detail)

EL GRECO



THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (Detail)

EL GRECO



THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (Detail)

EL GRECO



THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (Detail)

EL GRECO



SCHOOL OF HSIA KUEI
Sung Period (960-1280)

Metropolitan Museum

ASPECTS OF CHINESE PAINTING

As Illustrated in a Loan Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I.

THE Chinese aesthetic mind has saved itself from several follies and dangers by refusing, in all its great art-periods, to attempt to make any very sharp division of the various arts into strictly limited categories. Just as music and mathematics and philosophy were an inseparable triad in the minds of the Greeks; so, to the Chinese humanist of the twelfth century, poetry, music, philosophy, painting, and calligraphy were all merely different aspects of the spirit's courageous effort to express its own inner harmonies, and to perfect into a harmony its relation to the outside universe. Thus it was in the mood of the poet and the musician and the religious mystic, as well as in the mood of the painter, that such an artist as Hsia Kuei took up his brush. From one angle, the best Chinese paintings can be studied as things of pure aesthetics; but they were not so regarded by their creators, nor by the small circle of leisured and highly cultivated fellow-aristocrats for whose appreciation the finished works were on occasion quietly brought out to view in some sequestered pavilion on the shores of the West Lake.

The Chinese painter of the Middle Ages was always a scholar and a gentleman, and sometimes, in addition, a contemplative philosopher and mystic of a high order. He was not merely amusing himself when he painted; still less was he concerned with the winning of fame or of money. His activity as a painter was nothing less than an attempt

at a spiritual exploration of the seen world: it was the attempt to perceive and record those rhythms, shadows, whispering lights on mountain and valley, which appeal to the heart as if there were some secret of kinship back of the appeal, and whose presences give to the emotions an assurance of such a beauty and order in the universe as the reasoning faculties alone are incapable of substantiating. To the Chinese painter, painting was never, as it sometimes is to our painters, the recording of fragmentary observations of landscape or the noting of fleeting impressions of bodily gesture; to him, painting was always the attempt of his whole inner nature to grasp and express symbolically the complete and permanent essence of that outer Nature which surrounded him with terror and charm and mystery. Thus, to understand Chinese painting profoundly would be to understand the soul of ancient China—an undertaking no less difficult than fascinating.

I have yet to see a better approach made to the subject than that of Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose sensitiveness to poetry as well as to painting here stands him in good stead. "In China," he writes, "the continuity of the universe; the perpetual stream of change through matter, are accepted as things of Nature, felt in the heart and not merely learned as the conclusions of delving science. And these ways of thought are reflected in Eastern art. Not the glory of the naked form, to Western art the noblest and most expressive of symbols; not the proud and conscious assertion of human personality; but, instead of these, all thoughts that lead us out from our-

selves into universal life, hints of the infinite, whispers from secret sources—mountains, waters, mists, flowering trees, whatever tells of powers and presences mightier than ourselves: these are the themes dwelt upon, cherished, and preferred."

It is these "mightier presences," these powers which take on the physical aspect of quiet lake and terrifying mountain, that are the subject of such a painting as that of Wang Wei, the supreme artist of the T'ang Period (618-906 A. D.), which is reproduced on page 239.

With us, a normal and wise instinct often leads the painter toward the nude; in the nude, our hurried and fevered Western civilization gets, on the thin pretext that it is in line with the classic tradition, one of its rare glimpses of lyric beauty and of emotional release. But the cultivated Chinese painter of the twelfth century would have been skeptical of so human a kind of inspiration. He would be vastly surprised could he know that we, to get at the essence of Nature and of beauty, had to undress a girl. He would not laugh at us, but he would be gravely perplexed, and would wonder what hungry lack of sensuous joy in our lives had led us to concentrate any part of our serious artistic interest on the human body—an object that would suggest to him only the thought of charming entertainment, not the concept of the eternities. Perhaps it was his very freedom from the sentiment we call romantic love that left the Sung painter such vast funds of pent emotions to use in his landscape painting. At any rate, he had other views than we have as to the subjects proper to art.

In saying this, I am not in the least criticising us for painting the nude; on the contrary, it seems to me a delightful thing for us to do; and certainly, to the extent to which we frankly enjoy the naked body, we become really Greek. I am only pointing out a difference. The Chinese painter did not feel that the nude offered him a subject into which he could put those implications of lofty remoteness from life and death which were the real subject-matter of his art. The nude had no surprises for him, no release for him: it meant to him only a charming, but inadequate phase of mortality; so he simply did not bother to represent it in his serious pictures. His art was an effort to sublimate the subconscious mind, and to pass beyond the warm delights of the flesh into the cold, high region of abstract spiritual rhythms. Or so he thought. Whether his expedition was any wiser than that of the religionists of Europe during the Middle Ages is a point very tempting for extended debate: a debate of uncertain outcome.

To enter this world of Chinese æsthetics is not so easy as might at first appear; it requires an asceticism of spirit somewhat akin to the pantheistic aloof-

ness from worldly things which these painters arrived at along the road of Taoism and Zen Buddhism. The histories of Chinese painting, with their endless tables of unfamiliar names, will help us very little; nothing will help us except to go and stand before the paintings themselves, and open our eyes, and seriously, quietly, receive the emotion which they can so overwhelmingly give.

What that emotion is, we may learn from the distinguished Japanese essayist on Asiatic art, Dr. M. Anesaki. "The Zen Buddhist," he says, "looks down from his eminence upon human activities, as if houses and farms, men and horses, together constituted some miniature landscape with its life and movement. He has no concern whatever as to whether the farms are fertile, or as to who is gaining or losing. His mind, finding unbroken quiet deep in the heart of nature, perceives the motion and the change in things as fleet expressions stirring, perhaps, the profound repose of nature's face. In the world many are born and many die; the years roll on, the seasons follow one another; leaves bud out green and wither, flowers bloom and are scattered. Let them come and go as they may; the Zenist observes it all in cool composure, though not in stupid indifference. What interests him is the calmly flowing aspect of this perpetual change, or, more properly, the eternal tranquility seen through and behind the changes. In his sight, the beauty and grandeur of a waterfall consists in its motion as a whole—not in the movement of particular drops and bubbles; and it was this motion which the Zenist enjoyed as a symbol of the general, everlasting flow of nature. The grandeur or tranquility of nature seen through the spiritual eyes of one purified by long training in Zen; the changes of life and season absorbed into the calm depth of contemplation; such impression the painter strove to catch with simple, bold strokes of his brush and with little color. Distant hills like shadows; water marked out by a few ripples; sails and boats just dotted in; rocks and trees drawn with a few touches—these make up a landscape." Such is Chinese painting of the great periods.

II

The present exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is to continue until April 22, offers, perhaps, the best opportunity for an adventure into Asiatic art that New York has ever had available. From the collection of the Museum itself, about fifty paintings have been selected; and the remaining hundred are loans from various private collections.

If I were a lover of painting, unfamiliar with Chinese art, I would go to this exhibition; and resolutely passing by the other works shown, I would confine myself solely to a leisurely and careful ex-



ATTRIBUTED TO WANG WEI
Collection of Mr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch

T'ang Period (618-906)

amination of the paintings of the Sung Dynasty. For, after all, the Sung paintings are the very essence, as well as the very peak, of the whole matter. Produced between the years 960 and 1280 A. D., they are the work of two schools of painters, the Northern School and the Southern School—in both of which landscape was brought to a degree of odd magnificence such as has perhaps never been equaled anywhere. Here we see the work of vastly sophisticated painters who turned toward nature as the Buddhist monk turns toward silence—seeking to plumb the depths of Reality, hungry to extract from the aspects of the seen world some hint of those elements which have an eternal significance for the spirit. The technical skill of these artists is extraordinary; but it is not upon this that they would have us insist. They would like to have us praise them not so much for their miraculous command of their medium—india-ink upon silk—as for the importance of those emotions and intuitions toward whose expression all their technical mastery is but the instrument. They valued their technical skill only as the means of exemplifying their own individual command and interpretation of an age-old racial culture.

Rarely has mere technical cleverness been highly esteemed in Chinese art, and certainly not during the Sung Period. The emphasis was placed on the spirit, not on the hand. Yet there is a danger, in saying this, that one may convey the wholly erroneous impression that it was some kind of cheap story-telling that these painters aimed at. This would be far indeed from the truth. They aimed, in their painting, to express nothing that could be expressed equally well in words. What they aimed at was to record, by means of the perfect mastery of form, their sense of forms as symbols of spiritual rhythms. Rhythm was of paramount importance to them; without rhythmic structure, a painting was a mere vulgarity in their eyes. They had but little interest in realism, or in any kind of literal fidelity to the facts of observed nature; they were intent on a deeper kind of truth than that of the camera. This "expressionism," which they carried as far as any of our "moderns" have done—and with infinitely more skill—ought to give them a most living interest in the eyes of the painters of the Western world today. Form, pure form, was everything to the mediæval Chinese painter—but only in the sense in which we may say that form is everything in geometry—only in the sense in which form can be said to epitomize our profound intuitions of otherwise inexpressible relations and laws. With passionate iciness of vision, these men turned the mountains and mists of a real China into the unique embodiment of their own structural dreams.

Nothing in the exhibition surpasses some of these

Sung landscapes. Several of the mountain-pictures rise in such solidly constructed series of rhythmic masses as can hardly be matched in any Western work of art. Kuo Hsi, who was a wise philosopher on art and a gifted dreamer of mountains, appears in a notable design (page 242), in which, almost in monochrome, he builds up an incredible but convincing structure of writhing rock-bastions. Hsia Kuei, that fabulously famous painter, is represented by several superb pieces—most notably by a long landscape-scroll in which he depicts an unfolding panorama of lakes, hills, mists, mountains, pines and bridges, with a simplicity and an imaginative vastness that permit one to understand why he is sometimes regarded as the supreme landscape painter of the world. Not inferior to this scroll is a small painting of his, reproduced on page 243. The original is no larger in size than the page on which it is there reproduced, but all the Zanadu of Kubla Khan had no more labyrinthine depths or atmospheric mysteries in it. It is hard to turn away from these pictures; yet those of Ma Yuan, close at hand, have a hardly less striking magnificence, and a fierce definiteness, in passages, that makes them quite unforgettable. (Page 241.) One of Ma Yuan's finest things is a small picture—easy to overlook in the galleries because of its diminutive size—in which, modestly pretending to represent a sage reclining under a pine tree beside a precipice, he is really trying to express his sense of the whole spiritual grandeur of man and of nature.

III

The long landscape-scrolls require a separate word, because of the time-element in them—a thing almost unknown in our Western painting. This time-element was as definitely a part of the calculations of these artists as it is a part of the calculations of the composer of a symphony or a play. A landscape-scroll is not intended to be seen as a whole, or to produce its effect on the eye in one single momentary shock: it is meant to be unrolled a foot or two at a time; and the successive parts thus come to the consciousness of the spectator in a perfectly definite chronological succession. Therefore, the artist must compose his picture with a view to relating these successive moments to one another; he is composing a sequence of visual experiences which must be made interesting and emotionally satisfying, as a sequence; in a word, he has added a fourth dimension—the dimension of time—to his problem of composition. Often he succeeded so well that, as one passes along the modulations and changes of mood of such a scroll, one's fingers itch for a baton with which to indicate to an imaginary orchestra the sweep and flow of the gradually developing movement.

Let us look at such a scroll—a painting which may be a foot or so in height, and perhaps twenty feet long. We begin to unroll it. Here at the right-hand edge of the long ribbon, where the beginning of the picture first comes to view, will in all probability be announced the “theme,” in a crashing dominance of dark mountains and savage gorges. The succession of mountains, as we continue to unroll the painting, slopes gradually away to the left, almost like the dying away of a peal of thunder. We pass on; and with subtle variations that hold our interest tense, the mountain-theme begins to sink rumblingly into a mere accompaniment, as in the foreground the trumpet-motif of wind-gnarled pines, hill-sentinels, begins to emerge; until, before we are aware, it is the contorted rhythms of the pine-forest that have all our attention. After a moment, this changes; bare hummocks appear in wave after wave; and as if to soothing violin cadences, we pass slowly in a succession of rhythms down misty slopes to where a low shore and a quiet sea are sleeping. This now is a universe of silence. The eye drifts at peace over the wide expanse of sea and sky. But not for long; for, as if to a quickening tempo, a sail appears on the sea—then more sails—then the shore grows alive with fishing huts and minute human figures working at their nets—and for a moment we have before us man’s active, vivacious, brief life as the center of the story. Gradually this scene, too, passes. Low hills begin once more to lift their slopes. The pine-motif is briefly repeated. That ends, and there are only splintered rocks, a harsh discord. And at the last we come again, in a thrilling repetition of violoncello rhythms, to the terrible gorges, the crashing bass of dark mountains—and the scroll dies away into a coda of drifting mists and vaguely imagined peaks. Such are the great landscape scrolls of the Sung period—works that have no exact counterparts in Western art.

IV

What was the actual world amid which these Sung masters painted? It is not impossible to imagine it. It is the China which Marco Polo saw and described with so much wonder. Imagine a fantastically beautiful lake, called West Lake—the Si Wu of the Chinese—which on one side washes the edge of the vast and ancient city of Hang Chow, and on the other loses itself at the feet of mountains whose tops are often hidden in mists. Along the edges of this lake lie, in extended profusion, the palaces and galleries and gardens of great dignitaries,

ATTRIBUTED TO MA YUAN
Collection of Mr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch
Sung Period (960-1280)





ATTRIBUTED TO KUO HSI *Sung Period (960-1280)*
Collection of Mr. John B. Trevor



HSIA KUEI
Sung Period (960-1280)

Metropolitan Museum

interspersed with the curving roofs and golden pagodas of Zen temples whose abbots are princes of the Imperial blood. Thus feasting and prayer go side by side; and the lord whose lovely ladies begin to weary him can pass easily into the grave courtyards where learning holds undisturbed sway. Scattered about the lake are islands, each one the summer refuge of a great mandarin—a mandarin who is perhaps a general and a statesman as well as a painter and a poet. Over the smaller lagoons and estuaries of the lake one may pass on hundreds of high curved bridges which rise in semi-circular arches; and gay-colored boats are moving continually across the surface of the water from one pavilion-gate to another. And always in the distance, to the west of the hill where towers the colossal Thunder Peak Pagoda, lie the mist-smoky gorges, through which little paths lead up by way of ever steeper and steeper defiles to the secluded heights where perch the monasteries. In the Monastery of Yin Ling, among the fantastically carven rock-shrines, holiness itself has its seat; should the world of illusions prove too vain, one can always go there for meditation and for release. . . . This was what painters saw at Hang Chow, the Southern Capital, in the year 1200 A. D.

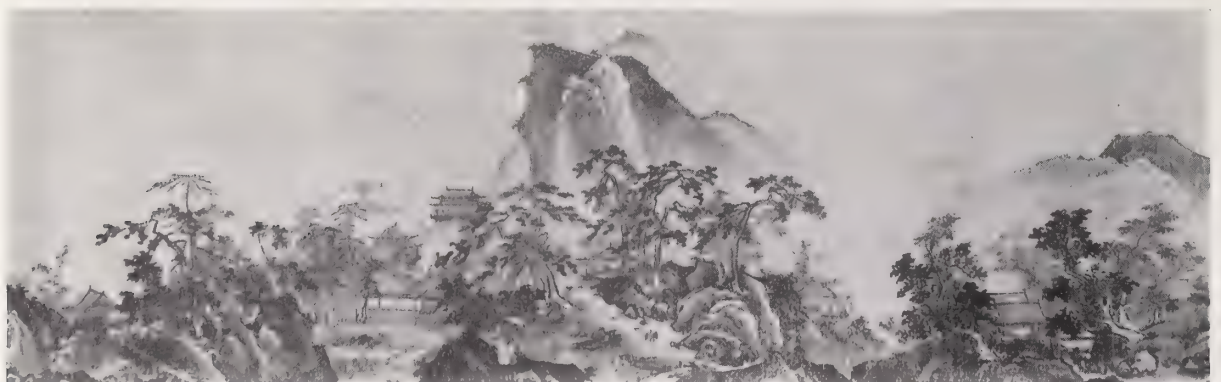
Perhaps Hang Chow was at that time the greatest and most humanistic center of art that the world has ever known—a spot such as the Athens of Pericles and the Rome of Cæsar Borgia and the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, though put together in time and in space, could not rival. Even today a spell hangs over it. But it keeps now only a relique of its former magnificence. The city of Hang Chow and the Lake of Si Wu are still there, and are still beautiful; but the brushes of Hsia Kuei and Ma Yuan and their hundreds of fellows have become dust.

Yet the foreign pilgrim, wandering today among those deserted palaces and temples and gardens, sees

around him the living landscapes of the Sung painters; and he must realize how extraordinary was the selective genius of these painters, as he becomes aware how perfectly they succeeded in recording, without a trace of realism, those aspects of their surroundings which are recurrent and, in that sense, eternal.

V

To say certain things about the pictures of these artists, I must go back and quote Binyon, for it is an unprofitable task to try to say again in a slightly different way what has already been said quite perfectly before. Binyon is speaking of the method of handling the effects of nature which these painters employ. "It is always," he writes, "the essential character and genius of the element that is sought for and insisted on: the weight and mass of water falling, the sinuous swift curves of a stream evading obstacles in its way, the burst of foam against a rock, the toppling crest of a slowly arching billow; and all in a rhythm of pure lines. But the same principles, the same treatment, are applied to all subjects. If it be a hermit sage in his mountain retreat, the artist's efforts will be concentrated on his expression, not only in the sage's features, but in his whole form, of the rapt intensity of contemplation; toward this effect every line of drapery and of surrounding rock will conspire, by force of repetition or of contrast. If it be a warrior in action, the artist will insure that we shall feel the tension of nerve, the heat of the blood in the muscles, the watchfulness of the eye, the fury of determination. That birds shall be seen to be, above all things, winged creatures rejoicing in their flight; that flowers shall be, above all things, sensitive blossoms unfolding pliant up-growing stems; that the tiger shall be an embodiment of force, boundless in capacity for spring and fury—this is the ceaseless aim of these artists, from which no splendor of color, no richness of texture,



SCHOOL OF HSIA KUEI
Sung Period (960-1280)

Metropolitan Museum

no accident of shape diverts them. The more to concentrate on the seizure of the inherent life, they will obliterate or ignore at will half or all of the surrounding objects with which a Western painter feels bound to fill his background. By isolation and the mere use of empty space, they will give to a clump of narcissus by a rock, or a solitary quail, or a mallow plant quivering in the wind, a sense of grandeur and a hint of the infinity of life."

Thus, though the Sung painters were designers and technicians almost without rivals, it is quite true that they never for one instant believed in art for technique's sake. They believed in art for the soul's sake—for the sake of that odd perplexed soul which has, in man's long history, made so little progress toward any real illumination. But these Sung painters at least succeed in convincing us that the soul of man is not so fragmentary or so ugly a soul as some of our modern painters and poets pretend.

One should not forget that these artists, too, were not unfamiliar with battles and confusions. The history of China's long and terrible wars and fam-

ines and rebellions was well known to them; they, like the rest of the race, had experienced the death of friends and the alienation of lovers. But they persistently looked beyond these devastating episodes in the effort to divine a deeper verity. They alleged the permanence and importance of that intuition of order which the spirit sometimes finds or sometimes creates. They tell us that the human intention is a thing of vast and beautiful rhythms, whose mounting waves become cathedrals and epics and symphonies. To this extent, Hsia Kuei says precisely the same thing that the Greek primitives, more simply, say.

It is to Hsia Kuei and Ma Yuan and their fellows that one comes back; theirs is the "grand style," which comprehends all other styles within itself. And so, as I have suggested earlier, the lover of painting will be wise if, on the occasion of his first visit to the Metropolitan exhibition, he goes straight to the Sung paintings, and to them only—as a Chinese student of English poetry might do worse than go straight to Milton.



TEXTILE DESIGN TAKEN FROM
PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT
Treatise on Automata, About 1180



WILLIAM GLACKENS AND HIS
DAUGHTER

WILLIAM GLACKENS

By FORBES WATSON

THE present position occupied by William Glackens as an artist may be described by the word solitary—a word by the way that describes the position of more than one artist, if not of all. For a youthful period artists may flock in schools, groups, crowds, gangs, and by concerted action draw public attention to themselves as a group. Gradually the school disintegrates, the movement subsides, the crowd thins, the noise of organized publicity diminishes, and standing alone, one or two artists are left from each little crowd to go their separate ways and work out their individual salvations.

Mediocrities can organize, play politics, seize upon the best commercial leads, obtain the best galleries, secure official plums and direct the policies of public artistic undertakings. For mediocrities, being bored by the actual practice of their profession, are glad to enjoy the temporary excitement of a plot or plan of organization. But the artist, in the truer sense of the term stands alone, and alone he must find his way. To understand why an artist like Glackens with a wide reputation, in the fulness of

his maturity, should occupy a position apart, a brief sketch of certain American conditions is necessary.

Once and once only the American artists organized on a national scale and that was in 1913 under the autocratic guidance of Arthur B. Davies, Walt Kuhn and a few others. The course of American art was changed by a single tremendous stroke. For the first time the outsiders were made to realize what the insiders always knew—that frock-coated art only wears a frock-coat to hide the fact that it isn't art. But the big stroke has not been repeated, and the academies that trembled momentarily on their foundations have settled back into something like their old positions. Of course things are not as they were and never can be, which may be enough to be thankful for, yet today, ten years after the Armory exhibition, we find in the month of April, 1923, in the metropolis of the United States, the Fine Arts Galleries fully occupied with official paintings which do not give the glimmering of an idea of what the most talented artists in America are trying to do. We find the only other large per-

manent exhibition galleries in New York in the grip of the officials, and about the only available space in New York where a large open air sculpture exhibition can be held, preparing to fill itself with official sculpture. The situation doesn't stop at local metropolitan terminals.

The officials occupy most of the seats in the juries of the important museum exhibitions throughout the country, and the regular travelling exhibitions for domestic consumption are almost entirely made up of the works of the manufacturers who belong to the big club. In a word the movement of contemporary American art throughout the country represents a conventional frock-coated spirit which has outlived the frockcoat itself, with here and there a bright spot like The Arts Club of Chicago willing to risk one eye.

While the officials, showing a solid front, occupy the main metropolitan fortresses of salesmanship and display, and the corresponding vantage points throughout the country, the attacking forces show no leadership, no generous spirit, no breadth of

view. Taking the activities of organized efficiency as the recompense of mediocrity and as a matter of course which is proved by historical precedents in many countries, they separate into small groups and attack each other. They form little academies of their own, more narrow in scope than the ordinary academy. They indulge in grotesque errors of judgment. They make no distinction between artists and manufacturers. The line of distinction is the line between their little gang and the outside world, and they are more united against the artists outside of their little gang than against the mere politicians. Their organized publicity grossly exaggerates the value of their own limited circle and undermines, not the big obstacle, which is the effete frock-coat, but the perfectly genuine artists who don't belong to their little club. It is one big club on one side and on the other a lot of little clubs just as academic in spirit as the big club. These little clubs with their narrow rules about what is modern and what isn't may sharpen the members' wits by their frays. Perhaps the artist



DRAWING
Collection of Mr. Albert Gallatin

WILLIAM GLACKENS



has to choose between the soft happiness of contented and industrious manufacturing and spasms of conflict interspersed with solitude.

The story is too long to complete, but these are a few of the aspects of the professional atmosphere in which an artist of the calibre of William Glackens finds himself in America today. On the one hand he is not fashionable enough—the merest little beginner with a knack at imitating Derain is more fashionable—on the other hand he has passed far beyond decadent impressionism or feeble Sargentism which are the two main movements within the academies. He doesn't belong among the officials, and he is not young enough to enjoy painting for theory's sake. By avocation he is neither a parliamentarian nor a congressman as so many artists are. I have never met an artist who so consistently fails to indulge in blah. He is, I repeat, under present conditions, a solitary, too purely a painter to be honored officially, too uncomplex to be honored by the up-to-the-minute cerebralists. So much for his position.

ERNEST LAWSON (Lithograph)
WILLIAM GLACKENS
Collection of Mr. Albert Gallatin



ETCHING WITH COLOR
Collection of Mr. Albert Gallatin

WILLIAM GLACKENS



FLOWERS
WILLIAM GLACKENS



AT MOUQUIN'S
WILLIAM GLACKENS



RACEHORSES
Collection of Mr. Albert Gallatin

WILLIAM GLACKENS

Matisse, looking at a picture in a friend's house said to his friend: "You ought to give me that picture."

The friend smiled.

"But she is such a beautiful woman, I could love her so," said Matisse.

Shades of Freud, what simplicity! A senator buying an Aston Knight could hardly be more simple. But between simplicity and simplicity what a difference, the simple echo and the simple feeling.

The summer boarder admires the sunset, not because she is stirred and love of life moves in her, but because she wants her rocking neighbor to believe that she has a soul above the afternoon's gossip. A senator buys a "pretty bit" not because he is moved by bad painting but because he isn't moved by good painting. Matisse saw a Renoir—it was a Renoir that he asked his friend to give him—and said: "What a woman!" Had he seen a potboiler of the same subject he probably would have said: "What a mess!" Simplicities are different after all, which is well to understand, since uncerebral simplicity is, I imagine, at the bottom of the art of William Glackens. He loves the fascinating little daughter of his, that you may see

pictured in the reproduction at the beginning of this article. He loves to look at her. The next step is to paint her. He is delighted by the crowd on the beach at Belport. He enjoys the scene. Ergo he paints it. He is not trying "to save the republic," to prove a theory, to illustrate book-psychology.

Talking about an amateur book-psychologist who makes the mistakes common to muddled learning, Glackens gave vent to the simple exclamation: "Psychology from books. . . ." The phrase trailed off into a sneer. Glackens doesn't get it out of books and try to paste it incongruously on a canvas. His psychology is from life. He has had a long training looking at life. And when what he sees through his eyes gives him pleasure it is natural for him to paint his impression.

* * *

Before William Glackens graduated from high school he illustrated a scientific or practical book with tight exact little drawings. For three weeks after graduating Glackens was the employee of an advertising firm. The length of the apprenticeship is not surprising. Then he worked in succession on the *Philadelphia Record*, the *Philadelphia Press*, the



THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

WILLIAM GLACKENS

Philadelphia Ledger. In those days there were no photographic supplements, no news movies. The artist was a reporter. But he did in drawings what his companion reporter did with words. He told the story. He told it as best he could with whatever aid he could secure in the quickest time possible. If he were sent to the coal regions to report a riot of the coal workers, well there was no time to be lost—he saw, observed, took notes. And then coming back from the coal mines in a shaky train, on a rough road, with the car swinging back and forth and up and down, he scratched away as best he could under the adverse circumstances. Concentration and speed counted.

Or it might be a murder, a yacht race, a prize fight, a dead person in a coffin. Not that the dead person was depicted in the coffin. But the evidence that her eyes were blacked or her shoulder broken, or whatever the accident might be was there, and

the evidence had to be noted and applied to the living image of the dead.

But why continue with these details? The point is that William Glackens began to be an artist not in a comfortable school where there was much theorizing. He began to be an artist in the school of experience. His work filled a purpose in demand by a common every day world. All the time that he worked as an illustrating reporter he also worked at painting, always wishing to be a painter, and meanwhile doing something that had to fill a demand, that had to be useful and desired by someone willing to pay for it.

And this is a point not to be forgotten in thinking of the work or the character of William Glackens. Or at least that is my belief. If today he does exactly what he himself wants to regardless of the desires of others, if he disregards with a phenomenal passivity all the excitements of



PORTRAIT GROUP

WILLIAM GLACKENS

his fellow artists, all the requirements of prospective clients. why is this so? It is because for so long he had to do what he had to do. Now he does what he wants to do.

But to return to his youthful career. While working on the newspapers in Philadelphia, he also went to the Philadelphia Academy, and so much impression did the various instructors make upon him that today he can hardly remember who taught there when he was a pupil. Yes, Anschutz did teach there. But Glackens was not a steady pupil. He was a working newspaper reporter, and so he could not go to school more than occasionally. He went to school, roughly, when he wasn't working.

In those days he shared a studio with Robert Henri. Henri taught in an art school in the mornings and Glackens worked in the afternoons. The arrangement was perfect.

Glackens was a member of the Philadelphia group of which Henri, Luks, Sloan, and Shinn were other members. He always wanted to be a painter,

but he had a homely practical training in illustrating, and he became the leader of the American illustrators. Years ago I remember Albert Sterner's speaking of the complaints that used to come to the McClure magazine because Glackens' illustrations were not sweet enough. They were too real, too original, too fresh and amusing to appeal to a public saturated with false illustration.

Like every artist of the day Glackens eventually found his way to Paris, where the early painting in the Luxembourg Gardens was done. This hints much more of Manet than Renoir, his later enthusiasm. But before he found need of a rich palette akin to Renoir's to express his pure delight in color, Glackens painted such darker simpler canvases, simpler from a color point of view, as the early Summer House. Then there is the party at Mouquin's, which has its period stamped on it.

But Glackens' gifts did not flower fully until he came into contact with the art of Renoir. He delighted in the art of Renoir to such an extent that



THE RACETRACK
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS



BATHERS
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS

the uninitiated, the unthinking and the prejudiced have called him an imitator of Renoir. The surest way to see that he is not is to hang up some Renoirs besides some Glackens.

Had Glackens been a cerebralist he would have covered up his tracks. He would have formed a Renoiresque style such as we see in so many German pictures of the day. But Glackens took Renoir just as he took the bathers playing pranks on the beach, or the flowers in the fields. Renoir for him is part of the beauty of the world. He gladly acknowledges his obligations to Renoir. For Glackens doesn't have to try to be original.

Look for example at the reproduction of the young nude girl that was in the New Society exhibition this year. The form is pure Glackens. The Glackens' point of view remains an entity that can easily be traced throughout his extensive production of drawings, pastels and paintings. That point of view is uncomplicated by the problems of the chess

player. Men like Marcel Duchamp, for example, get their artistic pleasure from setting up intellectual problems for themselves and working them out. Instinct plays a very small part in such work. It is almost purely intellectual and has a strong appeal to the intellectuals.

Glackens plays at painting. There is no tormented, morbid struggle with profound life facts disturbing him. He doesn't delve deeply into psychology. The color of the world makes him thoroughly happy, and to express that happiness in color has become his first and most natural impulse. He lives in a kind of dream of painting, absorbed, distraught, unaware of the problems that bother more unhappy natures.

His opinions of art are clear and unpretentious. Emotional, vague, mouth-filling, and didactic expressions bore him. And he can't be log-rolled by the crowd. I imagine he thinks Derain is more of an aesthete than a creative artist, but his admiration



PORTRAIT
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS



GIRL PINNING ON HAT
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS

of Pascin is undiluted, and in fact between the two dissimilar arts of Pascin and Glackens there is something in common. Both are among the best illustrators of their day. Both go straight to life for their subjects, and are only interested in their craft in so far as it will more fully express their direct apprehension of the world through their eyes. And both look out on life with eyes that see its humorous aspects. Pascin is more ironic and devilish.

But Glackens is strictly American. His painting tradition is French, but his point of view is American. His sense of humor is American. Look at the beach scenes herewith reproduced. It's hard to say why exactly they appear so American, and of course it is not merely the scene itself. The whole attitude is American. The subject is seen through American eyes.

If we were not so timid about our own painters, or if Glackens had any of the publicity sense that nearly all European artists have found necessary

for salvation, there would not be a museum in America which did not have some of his works. He is one of the gayest, most delightful and accomplished painters in the world today. If he were more heavy-handed and ponderous there would be much more made of our good fortune in having such a painter in our midst.

In the meanwhile the important facts are established. He himself doesn't care what people say or think. The respect that he has won from the artists, as well as the fact that collectors have sought his work—whatever his material success has been or might become does not seem to matter. A vase of flowers, or any other subject suggesting full flowing color could distract him in an instant from all the material problems in the world. Painting is his problem. In this he is completely absorbed. He plays, works, lives with paint. In the early days he reported events for the newspapers. Now he reports whatever he sees that tickles his fancy



THE RAFT
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS



NUDE

WILLIAM GLACKENS



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER
WILLIAM GLACKENS



YOUNG GIRL
The Barnes Foundation

WILLIAM GLACKENS

and gives him a chance to play with color. Consequently in the end you remain at a loss to describe the charm of his painting. You may try to explain the charm of such art, even as people will try to describe the appeal of a particular woman. In the end you have to see for yourself.

Finally one asks why a painter whose color flows and sings and plays, who has a quite phenomenal understanding of how to use the medium of oil paint, should occupy a position so betwixt and between; and the only answer seems to be that in America, particularly, so much art, written, carved, or painted, is dedicated, definitely though not necessarily consciously, to a modernistic or an academic audience. And this, despite the fact that it is only

undedicated work that stands the test of time. The mob rushes to one side or the other. And it requires a rather sound æsthetic constitution for the artist to give no heed except to his own sweet will. If he wants prizes let him beware of too much point of view in his work, and if he wants the intellectuals to applaud, he must wear his modernism on his sleeve, where all can see it with half a glance upward from the "Wastelands of Ulysses," to quote our favorite columnist. And yet it is one of the foolish little twists of modern life that the artist who goes his own pleasant way rejoicing, finally rises mountains higher than those who are too susceptible to the proper dedication of their craft.



OUTDOOR RESTAURANT

WILLIAM GLACKENS



WALTER HAMPDEN

WILLIAM GLACKENS



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL
Etching

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
April Exhibition, Keppel Galleries

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

MEN like Molière and Voltaire and Daumier will make you think of a rage against the institutional thing, of a large discontent, which goes on expressing itself with a great gesture, round and rich, as Daumier and Molière, or, as in the other instance, clear and incisive. The attack is made with virility, poignancy, humor, with no question of petty malice or of envy. These are enormous men, solidly settled in big chairs, who fight ideas rather than the people who are their pawns. Perhaps their laughter has a rumbling sound. They are not nervous. They cannot be made to jump with pin pricks. They do not fight little men, or flocks of them, they fight established errors, things instituted and sent on by preceding generations. Eventually these men become institutions themselves.

Voltaire was forced out of France by an aristocratical condition. In England he produced the Hen-

riade. That was early in his life. Late in life he spent two or three years with Frederick the Great, who saw in him a poet able to write a kind of fancy French which was beyond his Imperial prowess. He returned to France to become one of those to fan a spark which eventually flamed into a great revolution. It is true that there was quickness and venom in Voltaire. He had fought Frederick the Great, through Maupertuis, with the acrimony of a thin old man in bad health. But the vision was larger than the fact. In the printed attack, Maupertuis, with the passage of time, becomes the symbol of a class. Voltaire, Molière, Daumier generalized. They fought ideas and not men, they fought lethargy, hypocrisy and charlatanism.

Molière's doctors prey upon the innocence of the gullible. They are grotesque vultures. But the dramatist occasionally permits to slip into his generalization of them the suggestion that they could,



THE ACCUSED AND THE CHILD
Etching

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
April Exhibition, Keppel Galleries

themselves, become the dupes of a professional code and of an outworn formula. There is something like this in the lawyers and judges of Daumier. In the final summing up the fight all three waged was against any *a priori* method of conditioning life. Perhaps they sought to raise a questioning attitude, to defeat the habit of acceptance into which their periods had fallen. As this method is shown in the researches of Descartes we may see that it was not an uncommon one. It is easy to imagine the existence of this lethargic condition before the advent of the French revolution or under a despotic monarchical state, for the idea of the inheritance of position, power and influence was before all eyes. The ideas that were good enough for father were good enough all along the line. This was not, as in China, a matter of ancestry worship, but a result of atrophy, a spiritlessness caused by years of oppression.

With Daumier there was a difference. The revolution was behind. The bourgeoisie had sunk again. But this time the sinking was due to com-

placency and not to fear. Men twiddled their thumbs comfortably and dulled their minds the while with a coating of petty vanities, a new pride in possession. Daumier died in 1879. Jean Louis Forain was born at Rheims in 1852. A new scourge had come to keep the balance of France, to meet new conditions and to combat new *moeurs*. I do not know whether it is important that he has been elected to fill the place in the French Academy recently left vacant by the death of Bonnat.

It is probable that Forain's whip mainly lashes bad morals. It has, however, been so greatly diverted from this main course, if it is one, that there is no consistent proof of this. His first instructor, Gustave Geffroy tells us, was M. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, who found him drawing at the Louvre when he was twelve or fourteen years of age, and, attracted by the young boy's work, invited him to become a pupil. "This instructor did not live in the Saint-Sulpice quarter without reason. He professed piety and drawing at once. He went from



THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM
Lithograph

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
April Exhibition, Keppel Galleries



CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS
Etching

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
April Exhibition, Keppel Galleries

one parish to another during perpetual periods of adoration. Young Forain accompanied him to the Louvre and to all the churches of Paris and its environs." The religious and artistic education went on hand in hand. His last etched plates have been of religious subjects.

I wonder if it matters that his next instructor was Carpeaux, drawing professor, incidentally, to the Prince Imperial and another acquaintance begun through his drawing at the Louvre. Forain found his real companions later at the Café de la Nouvelle-Athènes, Place Pigalle, in the persons of Manet, Degas and Desboutines. There could have been very little fervour spent in this group over religion. Besides, the longest conversations were carried on with Degas, in whom the seating of any sentimentality is unthinkable. The conversational thing is a definite proof of nothing. It is a pity, however, as Geffroy suggests, that Degas's acidities have not been recorded.

Earlier Forain had copied ceaselessly from Hol-

bein, but his discovery of Goya was for him, as for so many of his companions, "*le coup de foudre*." I do not suppose that Stendhal meant the same thing when he said that he suffered from "*espagnolisme*." But he might have, and probably did, influence Forain in another way. Stendhal read parts of the Code Napoleon in preparation for a day of writing. He sought to defeat this "*espagnolisme*" of his, to come to the fact without flourish, to rob the bone of its flattering and sweetening meat. Forain is never so sloppy as Goya could be, and as he is rarely so intimate, he is never so maliciously cruel. His collection contains no portraits like those of the Comte del Teba, in the Frick collection, or of the Spanish Queen. Even in the violence of his attack upon Dreyfus and his defenders we feel that the victim is an idea and not a man; that if there is a man there he is the pawn of a mightier force.

Perhaps Forain is another example of that classic spirit which so readily gets hold of France. His cartoons, especially those of later days, are sweeping

generalizations. There are no individuals in his entire record (the portraits do not count here) of French and German activities during the war. The poilu, the general, the bureaucrat, the civilian are alike standardized. A few lines do for an army. A change in the nature of a line will turn the upright, puppet poilu into a crumbled and pathetic dead thing. And he will count more, in either case, as the symbol of a force driving men than as, even in the most abstract way, a man. There is a kinship here with the philosophical attitudes of Cézanne and Matisse.

Forain's line is trenchant and incisive and willful. We may suspect that he makes his records coldly, holding himself well in hand, keeping "*espagnolisme*" well beyond the possibility of its temptations if it has any for him. The romanticism of Steinlen finds in him an antithesis. The malicious asperities, pointed, sharp, harsh, swift as a cat and as elegant, of Toulouse Lautrec are unknown to him. He is not startled by pin pricks. His nerves may be stronger than the normal man's or they may be steeled. There is in the implacability of his style a reminder of the intellectual "*dandyisme*," an Anglo-Saxon influence, of Degas, Merimée, de Maupassant and d'Hervilly. In comparison the American cartoonists, who seem to be his artistic children, are careless and casual republicans, ugly, plain men, with no interest in the precisions of style and the graces of language. To this Boardman Robinson alone is an exception. Forain himself, even at the age of seventy-one, retains an interest in his personal appearance. He had never put "*dandyisme*" above other things, but it has never escaped his reckoning altogether. He is not, like Toulouse-Lautrec, an aristocrat, neither is he, with Daumier, rooted in the soil. The man may be, as was the case with Constantin Guys, fairly well hidden in the work. But these two share very little else. Forain's appeal is far more definite and by much less precious. He is nearer to Daumier, perhaps, than to Degas in general contour. But Daumier's silhouette, among the heroes of France, is, by a great deal, more tremendous, rounder, richer, more human. That Forain has been touched by Parisian levity, however, is more evident in his paintings and lithographs and etchings—the religious subjects are an exception—than in his cartoons. The last we may leave for the present. About them it is sufficient to add that he met an existing condition squarely and fairly, that he absolutely understood the properties and limitations essential to a drawing designed to make a daily appeal to a multitude. Two or three years ago he said: "I draw no longer for the dailies. Politics no longer interest me."

His other work is a succession of subjects which

abound in the gay capital. He has, like Daumier, been much in the courts of law. But while these in the older man aroused an occasional twinge, a real moment of human pity, or laughter, or scorn, to Forain they have been the field for the pencil or brush or needle of an unusually intelligent and unusually unmoved reporter. Sentimentality is one of the bugaboos of the period. Indeed, viewing the rapidly noted paintings on this subject, one may be forgiven the suspicion that a theatrical producer is at work with one eye on the audience and the other on the stage. He, in his turn, will be forgiven as a theatrical producer who, while thoroughly acquainted with clap-trap, never vulgarly misuses it.

A collection of one hundred of his etchings and lithographs formed in London, by an American, Mr. Frank E. Bliss, has recently been acquired by Frederick Keppel & Co. The range of its subjects quite well covers the ones which he customarily employed in these mediums. It may be because the collector was an American that there are so few examples of the *Cabinet particulier*, a subject which he treated very often, and with an intimacy and a pathos which are rarely found, the religious things again as an exception, in his other subjects. There is, as I remember, but one example in this collection. The private dining room which it pictures is of an ordinary comfortable sort. Two semi-dressed young women talk together, awaiting the whim of a fat bourgeois who, huddled on a settee beside a disordered table, complacently ties his attention to a newspaper. Forain's treatment of the women in this case is characteristic. While he renders their social definition, he does not, as would Toulouse-Lautrec, bemean them. His touch is delicate. It is almost tender. There is, however, in the whole episode no avoidance of fact, of worldly truth, and no touch of idealism. The attack is centered upon the man, his bestiality and the cruelty of his callousness. He is the beast, and the girls—well, the girls are *commerçants*, a little annoyed by the monotony of their commerce, pathetic without too much drabness, their hearts elsewhere, but armed with a courage given by the inevitability of the situation. An Englishman, in this room, would have included the girls in the libeling of the man, or overdone its pathos. Forain does not permit a moral idea to blind him to the beauty in the girls, nor stop him remembering the marks that the moral idea has stamped upon them. Perhaps I have stopped too long here, but in the Forain portfolio these and the scenes from the life of Christ contain the most humanly treated individuals.

For the most part his nudes, to one acquainted with those of Degas, are sketches which do not quite come off. His children before *Un tableau de papa*, of which there are three plates, are almost

Dickensonian burlesques in contrast of painted finery and human shabbiness. This pathos is laid on with a trowel. It is less evident in the court room scenes and becomes normal again in those of fashionable restaurants and the back stage at the opera.

It may be that Forain will go down for his etchings of the life of Christ. In these the compositions have unusual dignity, a kind of majesty that one encounters more often in his cartoons than elsewhere, and a line with moments of tenderness and subtlety that are rarely present in the cartoons. A resemblance has been found between these plates and those of Rembrandt. This may be spiritual. Their technical aspects are miles apart. In Forain is a synthesis, an economy of means which the great Dutchman rarely employed. Perhaps the solidities of matter in the two works are not comparable. Forain goes straight to his subject; he is interested in no by-products; he is satisfied, through with his sub-

ject, when the wanted expression has been cut into the plate. It is interesting that these subjects should be the dominant one among those on which he is now working.

He began art study under the sway of a religious instructor. In 1881 he made the acquaintance of J. K. Huysmans, critic, author of "L'Oblat," and became his great friend. This friendship continued until the author's death. Forain was one of the few visitors at Ligugé, a monastery of the Benedictines, where Huysmans had at one time considered retiring from the world. Huysmans was a man of force. Perhaps his influence, coupled with the early memory of Jacquesson de le Chevreuse, counts a little here, or points to a philosophical kinship. But this is not important. The point in Forain's art, it seems to me, rests that it has always been actuated by the life around him or inside of him. His reactions have invariably been from life.



AFTER THE APPARITION

Etching

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

April Exhibition, Keppel Galleries

SCHONBERG AND MUSICAL ANARCHISM

By DANE RUDHYAR

MUSICAL sounds are like human beings; they cannot live alone. Men live in groups and the collective entities generated by the grouping of individuals are of two types—some based on blood-relationship, the family or tribe—others built around a common interest, the commonwealth or nation. The same thing is true of musical sounds. What the ancestral line is to men, the “mode” is to musical sound.

A mode, as understood in the Orient and wherever the philosophy of music has not been forgotten, is a series of notes related to a fundamental tone, according to certain simple vibratory proportions. The fundamental is the common ancestor, the notes (or harmonies in all naturally generated modes) are the children, grandchildren, and so forth. Melodies are formed by the succession of certain notes included in a mode, disposed in various orders and rhythmically organized. When the melody is of long duration, it occurs that one set of relations, namely the mode, being exhausted, the musician passes to another mode. This is the true modulation. Western music, however, has confused the concepts of “tonality” and “modes,” and the term modulation is today used quite indiscriminately.

The other type of sonal, or human relationship, is the basis both of modern commonwealths and of chords. A chord is the aggregation of simultaneous sounds. These sounds, having a similarity of vibratory purpose, are consonant. Originally the constituting notes of a chord belonged all to the same mode. In the same way all ancient nations or republics were made up of citizens united by blood-ties. Occasionally slaves were freed and made citizens, bringing dissonances into civic life. In music, human passion, clamoring for expression denied during the religious period of early civilization, brought forth dissonances. Beethoven was the first of the German “expressionists.” He broke the mold of classical tonal relationship, and paved the way for “intermodalization” of music.

Following the analogy, we find familial states expanding, admitting strangers, favoring marriages with foreigners, and creating out of necessity a system of laws. When all citizens were relatives, a certain fundamental harmony was prevalent. To control the confusion attendant on a mixture of races, order must be enforced by laws.

We find the same thing in music. When chords were composed only of related notes belonging to the same mode, that is consonant from the natural point of view, they were used in an almost improvised manner, as in the Orient, or even later in the popular

music of Europe. When “expressionism” introduced dissonance and mixed tonalities, laws became necessary to preserve tonal order.

With “polytonalism,” we see the idea of commonwealth manifested in music—the amalgamation of various groups under the pressure of common necessity. At the same time melodies, or families, lose all tonal feeling, all sense of identity. Divorces become as frequent as modulation. In fact modes and family disappear as fundamental realities. Castes and classes become confused as well as major and minor. We behold the triumph of so-called equality or better, non-differentiation. All men are free, each being theoretically independent of his neighbor, and entering into short-lived, interested association with those from whom some advantage may be obtained.

This exactly is what the duodecuple system of Schonberg represents, a perfect mirror of western civilization. Each note is free. Atonalism, which means tonal anarchy, is the ideal. Whatever associations of notes are useful for “expressionistic” purposes, are produced—enlarged centers of selfishness, musical trusts.

Western civilization needs strict laws to simulate order from without, now that order from within is unknown. It needs a police to see that the “bread-lines” are peaceful. Exactly the same thing is true of Schonberg’s music. “Bread-lines” can be found everywhere, under strict rules formulated by Schonberg, starved sounds, dissonant, children touching the aged linked in a tragic line, where sexes, races, generations are mixed, united by the same feeling—hunger. Rules are needed indeed, for without them riots and chaos would ensue. So seconds and sevenths are disposed in strict order, and each “bread-line” of notes is marshalled adroitly toward some apparent goal, often unattained.

Debussy had already mixed tonalities and evolved quite a model freedom. Yet he sought rather new types of relationship than condemnation of the idea of tonal relationship. He was tired of the old strict puritan family ideal, of the “thou shalt not’s” of classical lore. His escape, however, did not lead him to anarchy, but to a renovation of tonal relations. Scriabine followed in his way much more consciously still. Both were hampered by the limitations of our tempered scales, fundamentally out of tune with nature.

Schonberg began the anarchization of music. Starting from the chromatism of “Tristan,” which has a metaphysical aspiration toward oneness, he plunged into the darkness of a world of sonorous atoms, having rejected all molecular attraction, the

world of so-called "pure sounds," that is of unrelated, self-sufficient individualistic sounds.

After his first work along this line, he realized that absolute sonal anarchy could not prevail without the musicality of the work itself being disintegrated (see his piano preludes); as a result he began to invent strong rules, melodic and harmonic, and he was, in consequence, forced into linear writing, into counterpoint.

This is how the musical "bread-lines" originated which form the substance of his most characteristic work, "Pierrot Lunaire," given by the International Composers' Guild for the first time in America on February 4, 1923. The verses, which are half sung, half spoken by the "moon-struck" Pierrot, are quite hallucinated.

Schonberg, writing his "Pierrot" before the war, appears as a sort of musical prophet. But all decadences are potential births, in that they release energies which later will re-incarnate in the future seed. The contrapuntal tendencies of Schonberg are already bearing fruit and dissonant counterpoint is not only invading France, but is also throwing seed into the American soil. These seeds will germinate when the proper sonorous material will have been evolved and a new type of musical relationship will no doubt be created. It may take centuries before it is fully manifest.

Schonberg can be considered its forefather, as the destroyer of worn-out forms, who by destroying, worked also for the future of the new American music, the dawn of which has not yet come.



VERDUN

Courtesy of The Whitney Studio Club

GEORGE A. PICKEN



MY GRANDFATHER SLEEPING

ADOLPH DEHN

YOUNG AMERICA--ADOLPH DEHN

By ALAN BURROUGHS

ONE can think of Adolph Dehn, who was born about twenty-seven years ago in Waterville, Minnesota, as either an artist with some work to his credit or as a proposition in creative ability. In the rôle of the first he is not yet a distinguished actor; probably a mere handful of people have ever noticed him. But in the part of the other, considered as an artist of the future and a pioneer, he impresses one as can few of his generation of graduates from American art schools.

That Dehn is not actually a product of the Minneapolis Art School and the Art Students' League, where he spent a year or two of his time, may be guessed from one glance at these illustrations. "My Grandfather Sleeping" rather links him up with that intense and almost morbid boldness which runs through the new art of the Middle West. Though

he did attend art school, traditional instruction did not cover over the Carl Sandburg-Spoon River spirit which forms his background. When he came to New York he still felt "Main Street" about him. He made drawings of the water front; he lingered over the details of ugly shacks, warehouses and docks. He drew "The Harvest," showing three frightful women going through ash cans for garbage or saleable junk. And it was not altogether a young man's pose for him to emphasize the revolting aspect of the city; he was truly hard up; so much so that later, living on \$30 a month in Vienna, he considered himself well off as compared with his New York existence. In kronen \$30 amounts to a good sum; thousands of Kronen are necessary for a simple meal. Adolph does not need to go "slumming" to find out what poverty means.

While in New York he also tried cartooning for *The Liberator*, taking the familiar motif of the factory, as in "Two Chimneys," and illustrating a vague socialistic tendency with much vigor. "House of Charity," Blackwell's Island, comes as a climax to this effort; it is a modern symphony of discords, dark in tone, blind as to philosophy—as massive as our industrial life.

But Dehn had been drafted into the Army and sent to teach "art" in a reconstruction camp in the South, and there an element of serenity colored his outlook. The scenery, which he wrote about enthusiastically and talked about, must have been a relief from his city experience. It resulted later in a few murky landscapes, more imaginative than real. As though he could not quite believe in the blandness of nature, but must make room for his own troubled state, he made grotesque hills and used even heavier blacks than before. One of these drawings contains a nightmarish little figure ploughing behind a wolf-like beast for a horse; it is nature through tired eyes.

Then, as if to guarantee the continuation of this struggle in him, good fortune shipped Adolph Dehn off to Europe (1921), and eventually brought him down to earth in a suburb of Vienna. He had wasted eight months in getting there, but perhaps the vacation did him good, since he found stimulation enough in traveling through Germany and Austria to do the bulk of the work arranged on exhibition at the Weyhe Gallery—mostly landscapes, treated broadly, and studies of people bitterly caricatured, overlaid with ugliness. There in Vienna he is within the influence of German expressionists like Grosz. And there also he appears to be seeking a balance, the wholesomeness of the country pulling him in one direction and the revolutionary art of middle Europe exerting an inescapable pull in another. Both these extremes show in his new things, the expressionistic in the "Viennese Veterans of the World War," reproduced on page 272, and the other in the landscape reproduced above.

Occasionally Dehn reminds one of Pascin, who, it is to be remembered, had his first success in Germany and in German periodicals. The lithograph "At Tea" has that Pascin-like relish for "vulgarity" which is also the style of many of the drawings in *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*. Little sketches with which Dehn sometimes heads his letters outline the gay Viennese with complete scorn for the niceties of this world. And his peasants and restaurateurs, models and "types" are shameless.

All this is quite natural. It has been long in preparation in Germany. The breakdown of the



LANDSCAPE ADOLPH DEHN
Courtesy of Weyhe Galleries

old traditions began long before the war, and the economic and political revolutions since then have but established the new order, making a possible reaction still more remote. Without stability of government, finances, production or laws, amid a general despair, heightened by contrast with the luxury of a few, it is no wonder that German artists have sought new outlets. All the new feelings they have had to express call for a new language of art.

What we might not be willing to grant as readily is that the same movement is quite natural here in America. Yet Dehn's development indicates that it might be. Our moderns, in fact, seem to take the same direction—away from the familiar, toward the elemental, and toward heightened experiences. Two of our artists have already followed the German route exactly—Pascin and Albert Bloch, who is also from the Middle West. Adolph Dehn belongs with them. His own individual problems happen to be exactly those which are now making an episode in æsthetic history. That makes him most interesting.



A U S T R I A N V E T E R A N S

Courtesy of Weyhe Galleries

A . D E H N

THE EXHIBITIONS

By ALEXANDER BROOK

John Marin

JOHN MARIN is known by his water-colors and unlike water-colorists such as Homer, Whistler and others (and excepting, of course, the large tribe of Englishmen whose hobby it is to paint water-colors throughout their annual holidays), he is known by his water-colors alone. These last are not sketches that but pave the way for a fuller expression in a grander medium. They are not the casual comment on agreeable half-hours nor an enjoyable dalliance with the accidental, nor a by-product of a sterner æstheticism. They are neither trinkets nor suggestions nor notes. They are not, forsooth, water-colors such as we are accustomed to see, but paintings of an emphatic character, the last word of the artist, his final statement; and in considering them we are dealing with pictures of large importance.

The extreme velocity of Marin's vision, impulse and power of projection is such, the precision and perhaps the mercurial evanescence of his impressions is so great, that water-color must be the medium most adaptable to his rare collection of gifts and faculties. This, at least, after seeing his recent show at the Montross Galleries, we imagine to be the case, for the pictures there presented, in the most irreproachable manner possible, portray in flashing sequence the numberless radiant moments experienced by a man, delighting in nature with all its subtleties; Marin, as lover of coast and rushing water, ships and wind, seems to reach his pinnacle.

In the first room the uncatalogued pictures are of a more peaceful nature and pave the way for the thundering ones in the main room. His work on the whole shows untrammelled restlessness, peremptory dismissal of unessentials, decisive beauty. Each

picture gives the spectator an eyeful in the swiftest sense of the word, what one might with good fortune see in the twinkling of an eye.

Gifford Beal

Sometimes a painter's work is so dissociated from the man that one considers the former without a thought of the latter. Though the characteristics of the individual who performed must be latent in the painting, one is as unaware of them as if the canvas regarded were not at all a human expression. In fact, the detachment of a picture from its author is more frequent than otherwise, and one seldom catches oneself considering: What kind of a man painted this; was he sensitive or retiring? Was he energetic and violent?

But occasionally one comes across work so inextricably bound up in the nature of the artist that it is impossible to pass an observation on the one that does not involve the other. To see an exhibition of his work is like having a frank colloquy with the painter himself; and to criticise adversely would seem almost a personal affront.

In the case of Gifford Beal, however, the personality expressed is so likeable and straightforward, the work itself is so unaffected and sincere, that it evokes a warm response in the spectator who contemplates to his own satisfaction the artist with whom he is in immediate contact.

Samuel Halpert

The works of Samuel Halpert do not present problems. They are not actuated by any involved mathematical equations nor obvious color theories. What he sees he does and the result is a picture pleasing and simply conceived. The interior of a church is more forceful than the general run of his canvases and greets us in the window of the Kraushaar Galleries where other examples of his can be seen. Halpert always seems to mind his own business and in so doing gives us work of sincere nature that neither stirs us up to a high pitch of excitement nor, on the other hand ever depresses us. This steady calmness takes with it a quality that is oft-times preferable to expressions of a more pyrotechnical nature.



HARPOONED

Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

G I F F O R D B E A L



LANDSCAPE
Courtesy of Daniel Galleries

PRESTON DICKINSON



LANDSCAPE
Courtesy of Daniel Galleries

PRESTON DICKINSON

Preston Dickinson

After viewing the pictures of Preston Dickinson at the Daniel Galleries one did not feel upon emerging into the open air and the seething of life on the streets that one had been in a stuffy room, the contrast of which one is often aware only too keenly with exhibitions. Instead one realized that here was a young man vitally interested in life, art and all that goes on about him, and painting with sensitiveness and understanding. He arranges his canvases with crispness and executive ability; and although this might not hold as a compliment with most of our businesslike painters, it does with Dickinson. The nervous energy everywhere apparent carries one's eye through his pictures swiftly and surely. One does not trip over unnecessary lumps of color or smudges that resemble mud. They are clear and decisive utterances of an artist who takes infinite care and much pleasure in organization; and the color is applied with solicitude for the surface he creates.

High Bridge has been portrayed often. We have seen it etched, drawn and lithographed; indeed, it has been a popular subject for many works which have terminated chiefly in questionable results. I once attended a lecture on art in which High Bridge was painted from memory by the lecturer and simultaneously described most minutely, so that when I read in the newspaper lately that High Bridge was to be demolished no overwhelming sorrow enveloped me. Dickinson has made the theme original and pleasurable. His pastels are exceptionally good. In many cases I personally enjoyed them even more than his paintings. But one should not haggle over what one likes or dislikes in a showing which as a whole was most agreeable and fresh, expressing reality and also an individual who reminds us that Art in America is actually Art.

Albert Gleizes

On the second floor of Belmison, Wanamaker, are being exhibited some pictures by Albert Gleizes, a figure who has long stood out in the advance guard of French painters. He had been in America for a short visit and in 1918 returned to his native land since which time we have little opportunity of seeing his work. The present selection of his most recent out-put would be fortunately displayed in a children's playroom designed by the late Paul Thevenaz if the lighting were not so trying.

Three dimensional form and recognizable objects are equally absent from this collection, but design and color there are, as well as clean and assertive execution. It is, apparently, significant absence of form, rather than "significant form" that interests Gleizes and what a relief it is to get away occasionally from breadth, depth and atmosphere and to find

oneself confronted by a sympathetic flat wall which commands one to halt, to sit and rest a while. One does not have to look into these pictures or underneath or roundabout them; they are stated simply, without kink or pitfall, nor is it necessary to live with them awhile ere their likeableness dawns upon the more sophisticated beholder. One either likes them at once, or not at all and I am one of those who wish to be numbered among the group that thoroughly enjoys his work.

One hears a great deal said about "living with a picture." Why should such a privilege be demanded of a poor little picture out in the wide world, wholly unprotected? One does not demand to live with a new overcoat more than ten seasons nor with a motor car more than one, whereas a picture is not only expected to gain in beauty forever but it must be a future investment of a more substantial kind. If there were more spontaneity on the part of the purchaser then indeed there might be more art to live with.

We have been informed that Gleizes has been working assiduously on canvases of enormous dimensions and has made a confession to the effect that he desired to repeat them by means of stenciling and filling in mechanically with color so that there need be no dispute among buyers. There are not enough buyers in the world for there to be a dispute in any case so I feel absolutely certain that the sleep of Gleizes will not be disturbed often thus, or even his waking hours.

The National Academy

The National Academy is with us again, and the relegation of the room formerly called the "Morgue" to the exclusive exposition of prints should be welcomed, if for no other reason than that George "Pop" Hart and John Held there show examples of their work.

The Academy has not changed very much save that it seems even duller than of yore. But perhaps it was the thrilling experience I once had within its walls that makes me fancy that it used to be livelier. On the occasion mentioned I was standing before a George Bellows, accidentally or on purpose, I forget which, when a very dignified gentleman indeed asked me if I would care to have my grandmother painted in that manner, indicating the Bellows. I said that I might or I might not—it would depend entirely upon my feelings toward my grandmother, but as I had never known either of them I could not give a definite answer.

"Oh, you young people," quoth the gentleman, "are all alike. When I was young I would not walk on the same side of the street with an Academician; but now," said he, swelling his chest, "I

am one of the council." He mentioned his name, which I have discreetly forgotten, and withdrew.

New Gallery

At the New Gallery a group of paintings by Ernest Fiene, Leon Hartl, Arnold Friedman, Joseph Stella and Carl Sprinchorn were shown last month. The selection of these five men was a happy one, as they do well in accentuating the merits of each other's pictures and, incidentally, of their own. The vigorous landscapes and still-lives of Ernest Fiene against the delicately modeled subjects of Leon Hartl, Joseph Stella's intricate compositions contrasting strongly with Carl Sprinchorn's simplified effects, all combined to form a diversified and stimulating show.

The Sardeau Gallery

Sidney Phillips, who has opened a new gallery on Fifty-first Street, namely, "The Sardeau," believes, with justification, that every one can afford good prints by worthy artists, and accordingly will use his rooms for the purpose of exposing prints alone.

He has lately shown the work of four contemporary American women etchers, namely, Peggy Bacon, Edna P. Stauffer, Anne Goldthwaite and Margaret Manuel. Miss Stauffer's five examples are all portraits of Mrs. Owen's marionettes and are extremely well done. Miss Goldthwaite's lightsome and delicate etchings are of her usual stamp; and the performances of Miss Manuel and Miss Bacon are also representative.

A Group of the Younger Frenchmen

Most of these men are direct descendants of Cézanne, Picasso and Bracque with a dash of the newly acquired flair for Ingres. Many of them are obviously influenced by these men but it is not heavy-footed influence. They are not ashamed of it, nor do they attempt to conceal their origins, but instead contribute to their appropriations the genuine seasoning of their own gifts. *Voilà!*—a living organism plus amusement.

One feels that these men could be naughty if they so desired. In fact, one has a sneaking suspicion that they are naughty, but this quality is of such a very subtle nature as to elude us at first, since we have had no opportunity of being out-and-out naughty ourselves. They have; and this naughtiness can now become so refined and attenuated that a very low and satisfying chuckle may be heard if the ear be placed close to the ground. I do not mean to imply that they are pornographic in any sense of the word, but that the value of a pink ribbon or a curl that eluded the vigilance of a hair-pin is ap-

preciated to its fullest extent. It is, after all, art that predominates.

"Vacation Time" by André L'Hôte has that brilliance to which we allude and exists chiefly by its color, though the composition has a decisive virility. He has two other noticeable canvases, but they hardly compare with this one. André L'Hôte is no mean illustrator, if we are to judge by his designs for a book of Jean Cocteau which, in passing, would not be tolerated by our censors were it translated into English. A small still-life by Galanis is excellent, as is also a landscape by Vlaminck, done in a manner more restrained than customary to him. Charm and sensitive painting are in Adolphe Feder's "Young Boy." A picture of the same title by Kars has depth of color and is well composed. Certain reproductions of the work of Gimmi hold out more promise than the picture here shown, but were one merely to see this canvas one might surmise that he possessed others of greater merit. "Street at Orto" by Kisling is a scintillating example in clear color, intriguing one by its details; and the paintings on glass by Louis Marcoussis did more than interest me. Juan Gris seems to take infinite pleasure in selecting what, if each space were to be considered individually, would be rather disagreeable color but he combines these colors so masterfully that the result is beautiful. His three canvases are to be enjoyed immensely if the beholder can respond to this very personal trait.



STREET AT ORTO M. KISLING
April Exhibition, Belmaison Galleries



DOLL

LOTTIE PRITZEL

DOLLS

By HELEN APPLETON READ

IN 1914 the doll of the western world grew up. Until that time modern dolls were playthings for children, nothing more. Symbols of maternity whose empty, if pleasing, standardized presentments of the human species, the child invested with distinct personalities and human attributes.

About the time of the war a new type of doll appeared. Practically speaking the new doll had its origin with artists who could find no market for their sculpture or painting during the financial depression of those days, and who, therefore, turned their talents towards producing an artistic but more saleable form of self-expression. This worked in two ways, they were able to continue creating and at the same time were able to help by these contributions

in the many war benefits and bazaars of the time. These dolls were first seen in the war benefits of Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

But the German, one of whose characteristics it is to probe beneath all simple and obvious solutions, for some complicated whys and wherefores, some Freudian complex as it were, claims that these are grown-up dolls, that with the war and the world discord that followed, the innocent sexless creation of the nursery could no longer exist. In other words, dolls came of age. Psychologists, in attempting to explain German Expressionistic painting, say that fundamentally it is an expression of fear. Something that we as a people have never felt, hence our repulsion for it. This, however, does not apply to

the new doll, a morbid excrescence of a time which is distinctly out of joint, but whose attitude on the whole is one of artistic aloofness. German writers and poets have become so enamored with the idea of dolls growing up and possessing personalities that they play with the idea in books, in verse. This is the latest "Welt-Anschauung" as expressed in dolls.

Before the late war there were other so-called art dolls on the market, notably the Katie Kreuse doll. These dolls were commercialized replicas turned out by dozens or hundred dozens, of an original model made by an artist. The commercialized product was a charming character doll, but as lacking in personality as is a colored photograph of a painting. The new doll bears the impress of the artist's personality. They are quite as much a personal expression, as is a piece of sculpture, and vary in beauty and significance in proportion to the talent of their creators. They are in fact sculptures in cloth, silk or wax. A new form of artistic expression which possesses many varied possibilities and one which it is impossible to commercialize.

The foremost exponents of the new doll are Marie Vassilief of Paris, Katherine Paar, of Vienna, Erna Pinner, of Frankfort, and Lottie Pritzel, of Munich. We all remember what a sensation Mme. Paderewski made with her character dolls at the Polish Relief and the Allied bazaar during the war days. These were inspired by the Vassilief dolls. Since that time hosts of copyists appeared who, thinking that stuffed cloth and silk could be copied as easily as a gown or a hat, produced of course mediocrity. A copy of a Paar or Pinner doll is no more like the original, than a painting of a Montmartre or Greenwich Village sensationist is like a Cézanne. The dolls we see in the shop windows on Fifth Avenue are for the most part copies made by girls in workrooms of the famous French dressmakers. To the doll connoisseur, picturesque and decorative as they are, they have no real artistic significance, no creative spirit went into their construction. As one writer explains it, "They were not made by the vibrating finger tips of an artist."

Now the subject of dolls can be treated from various angles, the pathological angle (here one recalls the story of Mrs. Solness and the empty nursery in the "Master Builder"), the ethnological angle and the historical angle. They have not been treated from the artistic angle for the obvious reason that until recently they have not existed artistically. The ethnological standpoint has been the one usually selected. The majority of books and exhibitions of dolls are so treated. Folk-ways may be traced through dolls, also the interrelations of primitive peoples. But artistically the doll of the Eskimo child, of the Bushman or the Peruvian Cholo, does not intrigue us. Primitive and quaint as they may be they are quite as much a plaything as are the bisque

and wax products of the European Toyland. Dolls as dolls must not be confused with idols and fetishes, although the latter take the form of dolls in many cases.

Dolls as playthings were known in ancient Egypt and Asia Minor. The Japanese have great interest in dolls, and have many curious customs centered about them. Every bride is presented at her marriage with a doll as a symbol of her desire to have a child. The Hindus also have strange customs centered upon the giving of dolls, but this is all ethnology and the new doll has no ethnological significance.

Lottie Pritzel was the first artist to create the new doll, known as the Kultur doll, to use a word which for so long has been anathema. Her dolls, although grouped with others of the new type are really in a class apart. They are not in the strictest sense dolls, since they are plastics and not bendable. They are modeled in colored wax, and are usually kept under glass or in specially arranged niches. They stand about a foot and a half high. Delicate orchids in human form, outgrowths of a neurotic mind.

We must go back to the richly dressed and bejewelled madonnas and angels, the church images of a sultry Baroque Catholicism, to find their prototypes, or to the attenuated wax figures of the Plague group in the Bargello in Florence. Those agonized intertwined figures pursued by Death and the plague are admittedly one of Pritzel's inspirations. In modern times the Pritzel dolls are related to the Aubrey Beardsley drawings. Beardsley's aristocratic erotic fancies of Salome, Pierrot, or the powdered ladies of Versailles have much the same spirit.

Kasimir Edshmiel in a dissertation on the Pritzel dolls, claims that the spirit of the 18th Century Baroque, bloomed again in Beardsley only to be lost sight of until it was again revived by Lottie Pritzel. It is not hard to give one reason why her vision has the same delicate and unhealthy preciousness which we find in the vision of Beardsley, who was a consumptive. The spirit of the Baroque is something that perhaps needs a definition. It is a quality that Americans haven't got. It is the adjective most frequently applied to the new art and literature of Central Europe. No one can define it except in terms of other things. The Pritzel and Pinner dolls are 20th Century Baroque, Boccaccio is Baroque, the Court of Maria Theresa is Baroque, Mozart and Salzburg are Baroque, Voltaire and Frederick the Great's Trianon, "Sans Souci" were Baroque, Oscar Wilde in the House of Pomegranates is Baroque, so is the Rosan Cavalier. Baroque in the dictionary is defined as anything odd, corrupt or bizarre.

Pritzel is distinctly odd, and most bizarre. She

chooses the most exotic of subjects, whose names alone stir the imagination. If she doesn't give us bejewelled and beguiling madonnas and angels, she gives us, and there is little difference in the presentation, Lilith, and the spirit of all the courtesans which has danced through the centuries in the forms of Helen, Messalina, Faustine, Astarte, Mary Stuart or Madame de Pompadour. Her dolls are dressed in the richest or most delicate of materials, gold laces and gauzes or cloth of gold brocades. They wear real jewels on their skeleton-like fingers and toes,



DOLL FIGURE
LOTTIE PRITZEL

their hair is sometimes made of fine gold wires. The effect is incredibly alluring.

That dolls possess power and personality was first suggested to us in "Cytherea." It must have been a Pritzel Puppe, "the faint corruption of whose gaze" to quote Arthur Symons, led astray Hergesheimer's hero. Another doll story, very much in the Baroque spirit of the Pritzel dolls is published in "Das Puppenbuch," a book whose contents is entirely inspired by the impressions made on the contributing authors by the Kultur doll. One story whose inspiration is undoubtedly a Pritzel doll is entertaining in that it emphasizes the fact that dolls can play a role in life quite other than that of a plaything.

This is the story. An artist who was a great lover as well as an artist, at the commencement of every love affair modeled a wax figure of his present love and dressed her in the costume she wore when he first loved her. Then he shut her away in a room which he never opened. As the years went by he acquired a large collection of these dolls. At last the day came when like Casanova there were no more love affairs, the last lady of his choice refused him. Realizing that the life of Don Juan was over for him he shut himself up in the forbidden room with the images of his past loves, hoping to relive some of the lost hours. With the aid of stimulants he tried to bring back his lost joy; one by one as he clasped them the dolls melted into formlessness. He was found dead one morning by his servant surrounded by the waxen images of his loves.

A group of Pritzel dolls are shown in the way suggested by this story, at the Palais Stoundza, in Baden-Baden. There is a slight ceremony attached to showing them. The room in which they are kept is locked. It is lit by candles, and has many mirrors. Each doll is placed in a specially arranged niche, with a background that will harmonize and bring out its personality. The above printed story is at once called to mind, and one suspects the probably quite innocent owner of the gallery.

In the present dissertation on dolls I have laid especial emphasis upon the Pritzel and Pinner dolls, as they most notably illustrate the idea that dolls have come of age, also they are the dolls who created the term Kultur doll. Many amusing stories are told of Pritzel herself, her eccentricities and disregard of conventions. All of which is seen in her art. Erna Pinner is quite another story. She although quite as much of an artist and quite as Baroque in spirit has none of Pritzel's preciousness. She is a well-known artist who formally specialized in drawings of animals. Her personality and point of view is sane and healthy and moreover she has a sense of humor. Her dolls are not so costly, so luxurious, or so sensual as the Pritzel dolls. They

are dolls reduced to the simplest, most elemental shapes, they are flexible and can assume any possible attitude. Their slender bodies are stiffly dressed in gorgeous brocades and their slim silk stockinged legs have a perversé way of arranging themselves that is strangely human. They can express in their accidental poses the abandon of an unutterable "Weltschmerz," or the gesture of utter frivolity. Their faces are a flat, painted material. But what a suggestion of personality and mood the artist puts into a few simple lines. With an expression of disdain or smiling cynicism they gaze out at the discord of existence which gave them their being.

The Paar dolls are less cynical, less erotic than the Pinner and Pritzel dolls. Possibly because the artist is a Viennese. The Austrians are possessed of

a happier, gayer disposition than the Germans. There is nothing of the tragedy of Vienna in their art. The Wiener Werkstaette tried to commercialize the Paar dolls, but the artist is so essentially an artist that she could not turn out manufactured dolls. As with the others each doll is a personal expression. At the recent exhibition of textiles and embroideries at the Brooklyn Museum, there was on view a group of Paar dolls especially made for Professor Culin, by the artist.

The Pritzel and Pinner dolls have never been shown in this country. They can only be seen in private collections, at the studios of the artists, at the Palais Stourdza, Baden-Baden, or in the galleries of Friedman and Weber, Berlin; and these reproductions are, I believe, the first to appear in America.



DOLL

ERNA PINNER



POTTERY VASE
Persian (About 1300)

Parish-Watson Galleries



DETAIL OF VASE (P. 282)

BOOK REVIEW

THE PARISH-WATSON COLLECTION OF MOHAMMEDAN POTTERIES. BY R. MEYER RIEFSTAHL. Folio, New York, 1922, with 94 plate figures and illustrations in the text.

THIS is much more than a description of the Parish-Watson collections: it is a general history of Mohammedan pottery, written especially for American readers, to whom the materials for study are not as readily accessible as in Europe. The illustrations are drawn from many sources, and some of the plates are admirably reproduced in color. Dr. Riefstahl has, moreover, not only provided a general historic background connecting mediæval Mohammedan pottery with its Assyrian, Achæmenid, Roman and Sasanian sources, but has also "tried to give a vivid picture of Persian civilization in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by drawing upon the material afforded by the decoration of the pottery itself." He has given also a clear account of the technical processes employed. The book is thus a general

introduction to the study of Musalman ceramic art.

The Sasanian pottery of Persia and Mesopotamia dates between 226 and 641 A.D. Early Mohammedan pottery made in Persia, Turkestan, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, ranges from the seventh to the tenth century: it is best known through Sarre and Herzfeld's excavations at Samarra (838-883 A.D.), and those of Dieulafoy and de Morgan in Susa, and through Pézard's fine book, *La Céramique archaïque de l'Islam et ses origines*, Paris, 1920.

One of the most important results of this recent work on Mohammedan pottery is the finding of definite proof of the importation of Chinese T'ang wares into the Near East. From the objects in the Shosoin treasury at Nara we had already learnt of the export of Near Eastern textiles and glass to the Far East.

Very naturally the volume deals mainly with the twelfth and thirteenth century decorated potteries of Raqqa and Rhages, for this is the golden age of Persian art, and well represented in the



RHAGES POTTERY BOWL
Polychrome Decoration

*Collection of Mr. Mortimer Schiff
Persia (12-13th Century)*



RHAGES POTTERY BOWL (Detail)
12-13th Century . *Collection of Mr. Mortimer Schiff*



RHAGES POLYCHROME POTTERY BOWL

Collection of Mr. Mortimer Schiff



POLYCHROME POTTERY BOWL
Rhages, 13th Century

Metropolitan Museum

Parish Watson collections. The potters of this time continue to practise the various techniques of former periods, monochrome, sgraffito and relief. The sgraffito technique is applied in a new way, using a deep greenish blue, and black. The pieces with relief decoration are generally moulded, but occasionally modelled: in the latter genre, Dr. Riefstahl regards the vase reproduced in color in the Frontispiece as the most beautiful surviving example of Persian pottery (page 282).

On the other hand, the 'overglaze' painting in many colors, on an opaque white, green, or blue background, is an entirely new development. The themes vary from very simple pattern work to elaborate figural representations comparable with those of contemporary manuscripts. Most likely many of the finer examples are due to the same artists as those who illustrated the manuscripts, rather than to the actual potters, and in any case these potteries constitute a most important material for the study of Persian painting in the classic period. Among the decorations in Dr. Riefstahl's book some are just like those of the Dioscorides ms. of 1222 and the Hariri of 1227. It is the same with the textile patterns. The compositions include representations of animals and plants, representations of old legends, and scenes of contemporary life. The symmetry is in most cases emphasized. A less symmetrical and freer composition is seen in a bowl nobly decorated with figures of two musicians (page 285), now in the Mortimer Schiff collection. Several interesting examples of a favorite legendary subject, Bahram Gur with Azadeh hunting from a camel are reproduced (page 286). Dr. Riefstahl

gives at length the interesting passage from the *Shah Nama*, relating how Bahram Gur at Azadeh's instigation exhibits marvelous skill in shooting two gazelles, how she then, with feminine inconstancy, reproaches him for his cruelty, and how in anger he tramples her to death beneath the feet of his dromedary. The *Shah Nama*, by the way, has been translated in full by A. G. and E. Warner, and published in England.

In scenes of contemporary life, the pottery paintings differ from those of the books in the prevailing subjects: court and battle scenes are rare, and, as is appropriate for vessels to be used on convivial occasions, attention is bent upon the cup bearer, the singers and dancers. The pottery paintings differ again from those of the mss. in having no landscape background. But such is their variety and detail that they enable us in imagination to pay a visit to Persian of the thirteenth century. With regard to the representation of dances, which Dr. Riefstahl discusses, we may remark that circular dances of men and women holding hands are also well known in Indian art, usually in connection with the Krishna legends.

The importance of the pottery paintings as works of art is no less than their historical value. Almost all are masterpieces of brilliant brush draughtsmanship, executed with consummate bravura and a swift and sensitive stroke. The drawing is naturally bolder and simpler than that of the mss. A work on classic Persian painting, based upon the mss. and the pottery together, is a great desideratum: Dr. Riefstahl would be well qualified to write it.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY.



TWO POTTERY PITCHERS
Rhages, 13th Century

Metropolitan Museum



IN THE GARDEN
The Carnegie Institute

MARY CASSATT



CHINESE BRONZE SACRIFICIAL DISH
Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

Collection of Miss Kate S. Buckingham

COMMENT

THERE has been no particular excitement in the criticisms which have already been directed at or against the spring exhibition of the National Academy. I think the Academy is rather better than usual this year. It has fewer paintings apparently, and the hanging is excellent. Considered as a place of quiet and repose it is, as the Englishman said of the soup at his host's table, "not at all nasty." The classics of the ancient organization are duly centered—John Singer Sargent, Childe Hassam, et al. Those funny pictures that do not have to pass the jury and that come from nowhere for a visit to the walls of the Academy before returning to nowhere are not

numerous. We looked in vain for a quaint painting. Such a picture as the late E. L. Henry used to contribute to the Academy is not to be found. These innocent little pictures are among the real contributions to art that Academicians, past and present, have made.

Not only does the Academy lack quaintness and innocence, but it hasn't a single bad boy. George Bellows used to be the Academy's bad boy, and with E. L. Henry exhibiting simultaneously the exhibition had range. For a little while Leon Kroll threatened to succeed George Bellows as the bad boy. But certainly none could call the painting by Mr. Kroll, which we reproduce on page 293,



LANDSCAPE.

Courtesy of The Grand Central Art Galleries

ELMER SCHOFIELD

the work of a bad boy. It is neither flaunting nor hilarious. On the contrary it is extremely well considered and very professionally realized. It heads the list of three or four landscapes that could not fail to satisfy the spectator if he could be won to their point of view.

And speaking of bad boys, Eugene Savage will never meet the requirements. His prize winning decorative canvas is about the "goodest" vision of Adam and Eve that even an American painter has ever done. Mr. Savage paints as if he had never disobeyed his teachers or played a prank in his life.

But there are plenty of good boys in the Academy. We suspect them of wearing dark blue serge suits with dark green ties and always having their trousers well pressed. This is a description not of their actual but of their spiritual clothing. Even Mr. Sidney Dickinson, who evidently strives for a hint of quaintness through the medium of extreme literalness, and who can paint a green

flannel shirt so exactly that a man traveling for a woollen house would die of joy over such a perfect showing of the goods, is far from being successor to the late Mr. Henry except as one might say that the Arrow collar has succeeded the stage coach.

The Academy without a touch of the quaintness of the rooms of a historical society, without the hilarity of impetuous youth or a vulgar kid, is just a blue serge suit. And one can't shed tears or eat one's heart out over a blue serge suit, can one?

The Grand Central Art Galleries

In describing the Academy I have inadvertently also described the Grand Central Art Galleries, where, in perfectly appointed galleries, to quote the real estate agent, the works of the Academicians and the men they approve of are on sale. All the moderns who have been invited to join this organization have refused for the present. We reproduce a landscape by one of the good men in the group.



GARDEN FIGURE
April Exhibition

SALVATORE BILOTTI
National Sculpture Society Exhibition

The International at Pittsburgh

The International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, opens this month, and I am told that under the guidance of Mr. Homer St. Gaudens, the new director, there will be at least a few paintings by men against whom Mr. John Beatty, director emeritus, was inclined to close the door. We expect to make extended comment in our next issue on the Carnegie exhibition, if our intention to visit it is not eclipsed by other work.

Those who do go will see among the new museum acquisitions the painting by Mary Cassatt herewith reproduced, with which visitors to the Durand-Ruel Galleries have long been familiar. This is not my idea of a characteristic Cassatt and as I have rather a weakness for paintings which are not too characteristic, I have always felt a certain affection for this thorough-going piece of work.

Chicago

There are high lights in the galleries of the Chicago Art Institute toward which visitors more or

PORTRAIT By BORIS GRIGORIEV
Courtesy of the New Galleries



THE PARK — WINTER
National Academy Exhibition

LEON KROLL

less familiar with the collection are inevitably drawn. Three of the items in this collection that I always call upon, are the portrait of Manet by Fantin Latour, the Assumption by El Greco and, more recently, the amazing bronze sacrificial vessel, of which the accompanying reproduction gives but the slightest hint. You can get from the black and white picture an idea of the age-old solidity that the form suggests, but the patina is of a color not to be described or reproduced.

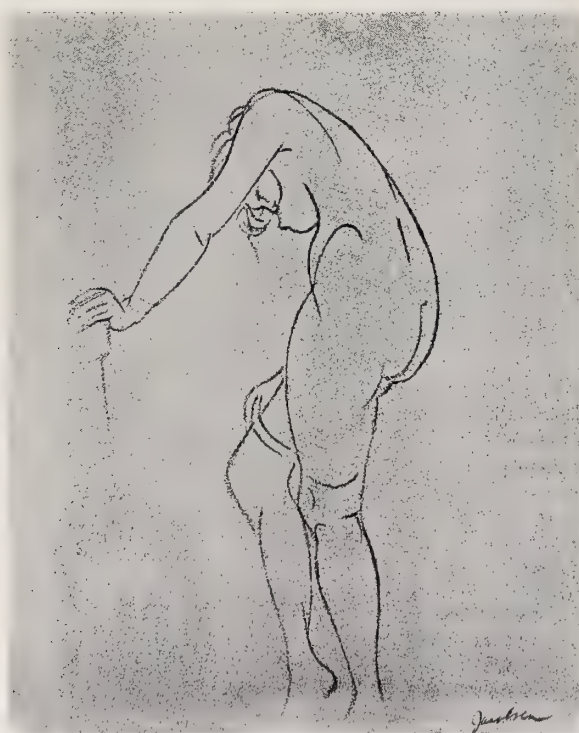
Two Manets

We reproduce on page 297 the famous *Le Bon Bock*, which has come to America. In 1872 M. Durand-Ruel was thought very courageous to secure sixteen paintings by Manet for 38,000 francs, and today 38,000 francs could not buy a little corner of *Le Bon Bock*. We hear that in Paris the owner

tried to sell it for 2,000,000 francs. In any case it was a sum calculated to place Manet permanently among the old masters. Gentle hints were thrown out from nowhere that if the French did not buy it an American millionaire would. It's a little game they are playing more than ever in the Paris picture markets.

Le Bon Bock is a picture that has enjoyed a popular success ever since it was first exhibited at the Salon in 1873. Alfred Stevens, or someone, said that the gentleman (M. Belot) was drinking the beer of Haarlem, but not even Hals himself could move paint about with more virtuosity than is seen in this canvas.

But how could we choose, if choose we must, between this painting by Manet and the Manet reproduced beside it? The other has great wit and originality, and since wit is of the very essence of Manet, the wittier the Manet the more I like it.



SANDPAPER PRINT
NORMAN JACOBSON



BETWEEN THE ROUNDS
Courtesy of the Brummer Galleries

THOMAS EAKINS



CAFE CONCERT
Courtesy of Knoedler Galleries

EDOUARD MANET



LE BON BOCK
Courtesy of Wildenstein Galleries

EDOUARD MANET



PAINTING
Courtesy of Bourgeois Galleries

MAURICE STERNE

THE SKYLIGHT

ONE of those charming people who think that art is a cause, a means by which the home can be purified, ennobled, uplifted, and so forth, recently turned modern, and is now busy trying to turn her friends modern. Her idea of modern is rather sweet and simple. That which you cannot understand, she apparently says to herself, is modern. She knows a few words like "plastic," "rhythmic," "organize" and "fundamental," and these she keeps in a bag with a lot of other words ready to pull out, whenever she's busy with a prospective convert, and throw into the air. A little heavier than confetti, the words fly around in much the same fashion as bits of colored paper in a breeze.

Quite breathlessly our heroine brought a convert to see the recent works of one of our best moderns. I saw her run into the gallery dragging the convert

with her until they were face to face with a bit of abstract purity, and I overheard the following, which, though difficult to believe, is an exact, word for word, report:

"You see, instead of going to nature and borrowing from nature—really they should call it stealing from nature, because lots of the old-fashioned artists just stole from nature—well, instead of stealing from nature, the modern artist just creates a little fundamental—er—plastic—er—er—organized—er—er—rhythmic—er—er—entity that has no relation to anything else in the world. Do you understand, Mary, it's just itself and that's all it is. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll learn. You mustn't expect them to look like anything; they are like music; they make vibrations by standing on their own feet."



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April 13—Evening. American and Foreign Paintings, mainly of the nineteenth century, from several private estates and owners. *On free view from April 10.*

April 16—Evening. Japanese Prints and Drawings, Inros and Netsuke, catalogued by the expert, Frederick W. Gookin of Chicago and consigned by Bernard Welby, Esquire, of London, England, Arthur Erlanger, Esquire, of New York City, and a well-known Philadelphia private collector; among them, choice impressions of well-known favorites by Hokusai and Hiroshige, an exceptionally fine diptych by Gokyo, a set of twelve depicting "Women's Work in the Silk Industry" by Utamaro, and the much-admired half-length portrait of Naniwa-ya O Kita by the same artist, superb modern color prints by Charles W. Bartlett and the original drawings by Japanese artists, more especially those by or attributed to Hokusai. *On free view from April 12.*

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April 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28—Afternoons. The Benjamin Beniguiat collections of Early American and English Furniture, Spanish Forged Iron, Georgian Silver and Sheffield Plate, Needlework, Textiles, French and Flemish Tapestries and Fereghan, Ghiordes, Ladek and other Rugs of the 16th and 17th centuries; in particular English Furniture in Oak and Walnut of the Tudor, Jacobean, William and Mary and Queen Anne Periods and extensive and interesting Americana including historical China and old Glass; early forged iron Farmhouse Utensils; curious Oil Lamps; Clocks, Candle-

sticks and other objects in brass, copper and pewter; Chintzes; a number of Hook Rugs among which are rare Masonic and Animal Rugs; a group of interesting Mirrors from a very early carved pine specimen to a stately Washington Console Mirror; oak and pine Chests; Highboys and Lowboys, one of which is signed by Savery of Philadelphia; Desks, Bureaux and Four-post Beds; Ladder-back and Comb-back Chairs in sets and separately, a rare Carver Armchair, a Duncan Phyfe set of Chairs and Sofa, a quaint Walking Chair, a chestnut Wing Armchair, Windsors and other types in wide variety of woods; New England Benches and Settees; pine Corner Cupboards; and Tables ranging from hutch and settle Tables, one of which is the counterpart of a specimen on exhibition at the Van Courtland Park Mansion, to two made by the famous New York cabinet maker, Duncan Phyfe. *On free view from April 21.*

April 30—Afternoon. Arms and Armor forming the private collection of a prominent European and comprising twelve suits of Armor (among them complete Maximilian and etched Pisan sets from the collection of the Duke of Osuna), many Swords, Halberds, Helmets, Shields, Back and Head Plates, Horse Armor, old Flags and numerous Objects of Offense and Defense from the 15th to the 18th centuries, together with Flemish, Swiss, French and German Stained Glass of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries with the addition of ancient Stained Glass Panels from the private collections of Dr. H. Correll Lowenstein and Mr. Alfred Werck, artist and expert in Stained Glass, who catalogued the whole collection. *On free view from April 26.*

May 1—Evening. Modern Etchings by Howarth, Benson, Brangwyn, Osborne, James McBey, Fitton, Cameron, Whistler, Zorn and other leading men; the majority from the collection of John Reid, Esquire, of New York City. *On free view from April 28.*

May 2—Evening. Colored Sporting Prints consigned by a well-known New Yorker and including fine examples by Alken, Wolstonholme, Hering and others. *On free view from April 28.*

May 7, 8, 9 and 10—Afternoons. Furniture and Furnishings including an exceptional group of over 200 old Hook Rugs in animal, flower and other designs, in particular several of raised rose pattern and a large and beautiful one 10 x 14 in homespun yarn of birds circling round in the sky with a border worded in Gaelic, personally collected among the natives of Newfoundland, by Mrs. Elizabeth Waugh of New York and Provincetown, Mass. *On free view from May 3.*



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